

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Victory

Thine Oh Lord shall be the glory,  
Rise and shine for it is meet.  
Mine the sadness and the worry,  
While life's weary Moments fleet.

Gray the clouds that billow o'er me,  
Sad the heart that in me dwells.  
Even yet Thy light before me  
Of the final victory tells.

Piercing sorrow o'er me flying,  
Scarce a friendship may I keep,  
Still upon Thine arms relying  
Thou shalt bear me o'er the deep.

This my hour of weary passion,  
Now the time of toil and strife,  
All that man can dream or fashion  
Soon shall end in glorious life.

When the tempest loudest rages,  
And all human comfort fails,  
While all hell its combat wages,  
And my feeble courage quails.

When the wind takes all before it,  
And the work is brought to nought,  
Sighs and tears expended for it,  
Nothing gained of what was sought.

Then shall come the great awakening,  
Then the joyful Easter morn,  
And the glorious intaking,  
When the fruit of grace is born.

Lo! behind the clouds is shinning  
Bright the glory of the Lord.  
Wake my soul and cease repining,  
It's the moment of reward.

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE REDEMP- TORISTS IN PORTO RICO

St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, as is well known to the readers of the Review which bears his name, founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer for the salvation of the most abandoned souls, particularly of those living in country districts destitute of the aids and consolations of our holy faith. If there is one field of labor which would appeal to the heart of the Holy Founder and to which he would most willingly send his spiritual sons were he living among them at the present day, it is Porto Rico. Notwithstanding its picturesque mountains and valleys, its streams and woodlands, its bright and cheerful climate, its rich productiveness of coffee, sugar-cane, tobacco, oranges, bananas and grapefruit, Porto Rico is indeed the Isle of Abandoned Souls.

Non-Catholics who have visited Porto Rico have been guilty of gross exaggeration when speaking of the immorality and religious superstition of its inhabitants. Having come with prejudiced minds and unsympathetic hearts, they have failed to make allowance for the characteristics of the people, for the manners and customs of a foreign race. Catholic writers, on the other hand, animated by a praiseworthy zeal and loyalty to our Holy Mother the Church, have sought by sweeping assertions and a demand for statistics to vindicate their coreligionists of the Tropics. In their refutation they have freely availed themselves of the right accorded them by sound logic: "Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur". (What is asserted without proof, may be denied without proof.) After a while the sincere Catholic reader asks: *What is really the condition of the Church in Porto Rico?*

In attempting to give information on the subject we realize the delicacy of our position: we do not wish to offer material to the enemy, nor camouflage to our friends. At the present day there is so much camouflage, perhaps the readers of the Liguorian would like to have a few plain facts. Though we camouflage our men-of-war, our passenger ships, even our Ship of State, let us not camouflage the Bark of Peter. She has no need of it; no matter how depraved the character of the passengers, or how strong the enemy, whether hidden and unseen or in the glare of the noon-day sun, she will never deviate from her course, much less founder on the shoals of untruth and iniquity. But let us not deceive ourselves with the vain hope that she is making

progress in certain parts of the globe when in reality she is standing still or losing ground. To answer the question as directly as it is put, we would say that the Church in Porto Rico is in a deplorable state at present and has a very dark outlook for the future.

In our remarks we shall not discuss the morality of the Porto-Rican. Taking into consideration the poverty of the inhabitants and the heat of the tropics, visitors are unduly shocked by the scantiness or absence of clothing of babes and little children. True, the illegitimacy of children is high (50 per cent in some places, even more in others); there is no secret made of it either when the children are inscribed for baptism or when the banns of marriage are published. Taking it all in all the immorality of the Tropics is no worse than that of colder climes. In the North there is more sense of shame, appearances are better.

What is wanting here in Porto Rico is that lively faith which arouses the sinner to a consciousness of his guilt and leads to repentance. The vast majority of Porto-Ricans are nominally Catholics; that is, they have been baptized in the Catholic Faith and have never formally renounced allegiance to the Church. But as for obedience to the authority of the Church, respect for her ministers, a practical knowledge of the truths of religion—of this they are perfectly innocent. In the large cities not more than 5 per cent of the adult population, living within the city limits, assist at Mass on Sundays. The multitude still manifest affection for the "Virgen Santisima" and are attracted by processions and "fiestas". Though this kind of devotion does not appeal to Americans, though it savors of superstition and often serves to deceive those who practise it, nevertheless it is at least a thread, which still binds hearts to the Old Church, at least a spark which indicates that the flame of faith is not entirely extinct. Whether it will be sufficient to save souls we leave to the Omniscient Judge. As a rule Porto-Ricans die as they live—careless and indifferent, without contrition, without fear of the Lord. They say they have no sins; why should they worry? They have had their Purgatory (or Hell) here on earth: any change must be for the better.

But are there no exceptions? Yes, thank God, there are a few notable exceptions to the general rule. There are some strong in the faith, every bit as fervent and zealous as the early Christians in the catacombs, or as the Irish peasants in the time of bitter persecution. There are some who set out at 1 o'clock on Sunday morning and walk

five or six hours, fasting in order to receive their Eucharistic Lord. There are some who would rather die than offend God by wilful sin. There are some who try to help the priest in every possible way by preaching, catechising and contributing for the support of the Church. Poor in this world's goods they are rich in grace and virtue; they serve as a model not only for the Catholic layman of the North but for priests and religious as well. In proof of this assertion we might mention the "Hermanitos" or "Little Brothers". At the time of the American Occupation some people were under the impression that a change of Government meant a change of religion. They were confirmed in their opinion by the return to Spain of many of the Spanish Clergy. What was to be done? To preserve the faith in the cities was impossible, so they tried to do what they could in the country. Some men, therefore, took it upon themselves to preach the Gospel, to exhort their coreligionists to cling to the Old Church, to pray daily and to receive the Sacraments. We cannot deny that with such self-commissioned evangelists there was danger of fanaticism, even of erroneous opinions in theology. Nevertheless they served their purpose: that God blessed their efforts is evident from the contrast between the places in which they have labored and other parts. Even at present a few go about preaching and bringing penitents to the priest for confession, couples to the altar for marriage. . . . Another example to the point is that of a Señorita who died a short time ago. In the States she might have been called an "old maid", but nevertheless she was a pillar of the church. Besides giving music lessons and supporting the poor with her earnings she played the organ in the village church, decorated the altars, washed the linen and gathered the children for Catechism, and this, not for any temporal remuneration, but for the love of God and zeal for religion.

If there were more of this type and that of the "Hermanitos" the Catholic Church in Porto Rico would be far more flourishing than it is at the present day. The sad part of it is that such examples of zeal for the preservation and propagation of the faith are few and far between.

What is the cause of such a sad state of affairs in Porto Rico? It is the same as is so often found on the pages of Church History. Under the Spanish Government there was a salaried clergy; their salary came whether they worked or not; consequently, some did not work as zealously and as disinterestedly as behooved Apostles of the Gospel.



Aside from this it was impossible for one or two priests in charge of as zealously and as disinterestedly as behooved Apostles of the Gospel. a parish in the city to attend adequately to the needs of parishioners living in the country, often at a distance of 15 miles over mountains without roads, across rivers with no bridges. How could he encourage them to approach the sacraments when they came to the town for a feast when on that occasion he was so overburdened with work that he could not attend to them? At the time of the American Occupation some people—I cannot call them Catholics—took advantage of what they considered religious emancipation and fell away entirely from the Church. In other words, the change of Government afforded an exit for diseased members; even some of the clergy (though only a few) passed through the broad gate, attempted marriage and became "Preachers".

From these remarks a fairly good idea of the condition of the Catholic Church in Porto Rico may be formed. Many, no doubt, have come to the conclusion that it were better for foreign Catholic missionaries, such as the American Redemptorists, the Dutch Dominicans, the Spanish Augustinians, the Capuchins and Vincentians to follow the Gospel injunction; to shake the dust of the Island from their feet and go to other fields where their labors will be more appreciated and crowned with greater success. But no, we cannot at least without a struggle, abandon our American Colony to Satan or to Protestant Missionaries. Though we cannot do much with the adults there is still some hope for the rising generation: *Catholic schools in the cities, Catholic chapels in the country, a zealous clergy and sisterhood*—only then will Porto Rico be preserved to the faith. In proof of our assertion we have but to say that in the largest cities such as San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce, Caguas, Arecibo, not 2 per cent of the children attending Public Schools assist at Mass on Sunday or approach the Sacraments once a year. Baptized? Yes, nearly all of them and the majority have likewise been confirmed: but we fear that few of them will be married by the Church and fewer still anointed on their deathbed.

The American Redemptorist Fathers—(we omit mention of other missionaries not because we underestimate their labors but because they would not be of such interest to the readers of the *Liguorian*)—are conducting work on these lines: schools, chapels, zeal. In Mayaguez they have parochial schools under direction of the Sisters of

Charity; in San Juan (Puerta de Tierra) and Caguas under the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Both Fathers and Sisters are working zealously notwithstanding the many obstacles they encounter. Not the least difficulty is the language. Even with talent for languages and serious application, it is a difficult task to acquire such facility in the use of Spanish as to give them the prestige the sacred office of priest or teacher requires. The climate, though mild and agreeable, is enervating and not all can stand it long enough to adapt themselves to existing circumstances and to work efficiently. During the week the Fathers from Mayaguez and Caguas (there is no country district attached to the parish in San Juan) go out on horseback to catechise the children living at a distance from the city. In the Mayaguez parish there are 28 rural public schools: in the Caguas district 32, each school having between 50 and 90 children. The priest cannot interfere with school hours; he must simply wait until the children are dismissed and then try to gather them for a half hour's instruction in a nearby house or out in the open air. As may be conjectured some remain: others run home. Occasionally a Father goes out to a country district for a little mission (*misioncita*) of five days, giving instructions at mass early in the morning, preparing children for First Communion during the day, reciting the Rosary and preaching a sermon at night. Results are far more encouraging where there is a chapel: there the missionary is independent and the people feel more at home. Be the chapel ever so humble they are in the house of their heavenly Father whom they love, and not in that of a neighbor whom they may dislike. Needless to say there are no hotel accommodations or congenial society on such missions; but the work is apostolic and consoling: people living in sin are married: First Communions are received by adults: children are brought to the knowledge of the Sacred Heart.

A serious setback was given to the work of the Redemptorist Fathers in Mayaguez on October 11th, 1918, by an earthquake. In less time than it takes to relate, the work of years was destroyed. In a few seconds the beautiful church, one of the largest and best adorned on the Island, was rendered unfit for divine service. Towers were shattered, statues broken, arches cracked, organ and choir loft demolished. Simultaneously schools were ruined. By a miracle, not one child was seriously injured. In one class at the beginning of the "quake" the Sister dismissed the pupils; most of them left the room at

once but four in their fright clung to the Sister. Looking up the Sister beheld the small statute of Mary Immaculate, "La Purisima" and cried out, "Show yourself a Mother; save us". The next instant the statute was at her feet. She picked it up and cried: "Mother, never mind about me, but save these children from destruction". At that moment the side wall of the building gave way; heavy beams of the roof came down, but both Sister and girls remained uninjured and passed through the debris to a place of safety.

The "Deserted Village" was certainly picturesque in comparison with Mayaguez after the ravages of the earthquake. Though perfectly resigned to God's will we marvel less at the divine intervention in behalf of the children than at the absence of such intervention in the destruction of church and schools. God knows what is best: He has allowed another obstacle to impede the progress of His Church. He has sorely tried His missionaries: if it were not presumptuous, we would like to believe it is because we are acceptable to Him. In San Juan the earthquake did no damage. In Caguas it made a few openings in the church roof which have obliged the Fathers to celebrate Mass and Devotions in classrooms of the school. As a consequence of the earthquake, many "Rogativas" (public processions) were held in the evening, the people carrying statues, pictures of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and lighted candles. Though a few children were brought for Baptism and a few adults returned to the Sacraments, the religious sentiments aroused by the earthquake terminated with the processions. If the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom we are forced to conclude that the Porto Ricans have not yet begun to be wise.

Here we have a pen picture of the Catholic Church and the work of the Redemptorist Fathers in Porto Rico. St. Alphonsus seems to have foreseen the work of his sons in Porto Rico when he wrote, "In a barren soil there is little fruit but much merit". We recommend our Porto Rican mission to the prayers of the readers of the Liguorian, that the Redemptorist Fathers may continue their work among these abandoned souls with God's blessing on their labors.

JOSEPH E. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.,  
Caguas, Porto Rico.

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True repentance is to cease from sin.—*St. Ambrose.*

## THE RELEASE

The rickety stairs creaked and the banister swayed as the unusual weight leaned heavily against it. The vagrant cat crouching on the landing above, stared wildly and arched its back as the dark object ascended. What it was only became apparent when the dim light from the kerosene lamp in the niche cast its flickering rays on the red and bloated countenance of Hedley Rickwith. At the sound of the curse he uttered, the cat beat a hasty retreat up the garret-ladder to the roof and the way was clear. A door was opened and the light streamed from a room into the low, dingy hallway affording the drunkard a clearer vision of his whereabouts. He was right; this was his home and his wife was waiting and had been waiting as usual till the midnight hour was long passed. A pale, refined-looking woman of scarcely thirty, dressed in clean calico, quietly motioned to a chair as he staggered in: then she sat down and looked at him long and earnestly.

"Hedley," she said at length; and not in disgust, not even in anger; but with terrible firmness—"this is the last time."

She had been thinking during her vigil, of the words she had spoken at the altar but six years ago—"for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer—till death do us part." It had, alas, truly been for worse: it had surely been for poorer: but—death—death! O God, could it be that only death could separate her from him!

She shuddered and buried her face in her hands. No tears came for there are sorrows too deep for tears.

But why till death? Were not six years long enough? Six years of slow, murderous suffering; six years of shame and humiliation. Was she not a wreck even now? And was not poor little Marie slowly dying for want of proper nourishment? Did the Church intend that she should really mean what she said on the wedding-day—and if so, was not marriage the most utter and degrading slavery?

Then came the vision of John Gorman: John with his big, affectionate, Irish heart. She had truly loved him—more indeed than she had ever loved any one—and when the great question came, she had said, "No," only because he spoke with a slight Gaelic accent. It was her American pride and prejudice that had wrecked her life. Yes, utterly, irretrievably wrecked she was, if only death could separate her from Hedley Rickwith.

It was not so in other churches. There was not one of them that

did not at least tolerate, if not actually sanction, divorce. On what ground did the Catholic Church take such a distinctly peculiar stand? And even if it did, she would submit no longer. Then came the noise on the stairs and here was the loathsome scourge again in her presence.

He did not attempt to speak, but sat dazed in the stupor of complete intoxication. She took the lamp, went into the adjoining room, closed the door and locked it. She sank on her knees but could not pray, for her soul was full of bitterness and she felt that she had broken with God because she intended to break with His Church.

For some time she remained with her hands clasped. Suddenly a long, piercing scream came from the next room. She started up, unlocked the door and looked in. The moon shining through the window lit up the small apartment with an unsteady light. Her husband was standing with his hands stretched out before him frantically warding off some unseen enemy.

"Back, you demon: back to hell," he cried; and trembling with terror he sank down into the chair again, covering his face with his arms. He remained motionless, however, only for a moment. Suddenly springing again to his feet, he uttered another wild cry and darted to the extreme end of the room.

"Stop," he yelled, "stop, I tell you!" and he cringed as if some one were torturing him. Then he stood up with his back to the corner desperately fighting the invisible foe.

"Keep him back, Julia," he cried piteously, as he saw his wife in the doorway, "for God's sake, keep him back!"

But the unseen tormentor advanced, for the frenzied man sprang quickly to one side and stood panting and exhausted behind the table. His puffy lips were parted in horror; his nostrils distended and his eyes starting from their sockets, as he glared at the moonlight through the open window opposite.

"It's gone," he gasped: "gone up into the sun."

Then he turned away only to find creeping things on his coat sleeve. These he shook off violently, uttering guttural sounds of terror. They seemed to light on the table, for he roughly snatched off the cloth, threw it on the floor and trampled on it savagely.

"What is it?" she at length found voice enough to ask.

"It's a serpent," he cried, approaching her pale and terrified, "and hundreds of them! They're everywhere! See them there and there"

—pointing to the mantel and chimney—“They are coming again,” and he struck the air with vehement blows.

She led him back to the chair.

“Calm yourself,” she said: and as she touched his hand she found it cold and clammy. Again he rested only a moment.

“It’s a devil, it’s a devil!” he actually howled, as he sprang up overturning the table in his haste. He bounded with extreme agility here and there, shrieking like a hunted beast in the death throes of agony. He made the whole round of the room backwards, clutching at the furniture, grinding his teeth and alternating most vehement execrations with the despairing appeals of a lost soul.

It was all horrible beyond expression.

Finally he bolted into the room where the light was and slammed the door. She heard a heavy lunge of the bed; then all was quiet.

There had been scenes like this before, but not so violent. She went to the hall-door and listened. The folks downstairs were moving about: they had been aroused and were waiting, no doubt, for her to call them to her aid: but she did not; for as she had already told him—this was the last time. She went into the sleeping-room and found him stretched full length on the bed in total collapse; his face ashen pale, his eyes closed. From his half open lips there came a low, moaning wail. This was the man from whom death alone could separate her.

The rest of the night she passed in the sitting-room, on the long, old-fashioned sofa. It was late the next morning when she awoke. Marie told her that Papa had gone out long before. Where he had gone she did not know; neither did she care; for she had reached the cross-roads. After a very meagre breakfast she gave Marie in charge of the children downstairs and went to see the Pastor. He received her most kindly.

“I have come,” she said, “to ask a few questions and get some advice.”

He smiled and bade her be seated.

“Father,” she began, “I was married to a convert by your predecessor six years ago: but the marriage has been most unfortunate. My husband has turned out a drunkard and I want to ask if I am really bound to him for life.”

Like all physicians of the soul, the old priest knew how to probe a wound and never failed to do it thoroughly.

"Have you any reason to doubt the validity of your marriage?" was the first question.

"None," she answered.

"Are there any children?"

"One."

"You are bound for life," he said with decision.

"Must I then *live* forever with a man who has made my life a veritable burden?" All her wretchedness was concentrated in her voice.

"That's a different question," replied the Pastor. "As long as he lives you are not free to enter any other alliance, but—"

"May I separate?" she interrupted.

"Yes."

"For life?"

"For life, if the circumstances warrant it."

"Then I shall do that," she determined.

"But, my child, you must not do it in a hurry," warned the priest. "What measures have you adopted to reform him?"

"Every measure," she declared. "I have been patient to the limit of endurance. I have prayed him to go to the Sacraments: I have begged him to take some sort of pledge—even gone to his low companions and pleaded with them, only to be sneered at and insulted. It is killing me, Father, killing me!" And she tried hard to keep back the tears.

It was the old, old story of a woman's heart saddened and broken by the one who had sworn to love and cherish her: one more home with its hearth-fire to go out forever: one more wife to take her place in the factory or go on the streets: one more little waif for the public orphanage. The good priest's heart was touched, but he knew the dangers married people are exposed to when they live apart, and hence he hoped to prevent a separation.

"Let us go back a little," he said. "Did you pray earnestly to God for light, before you entered this marriage?"

"No, Father," she confessed, "I must admit that I did not."

"Alas, that was a sad mistake! God was not consulted! Who can expect to act wisely without God's help?" And he slowly fingered the leaves of his breviary.

"How long had your husband been a Catholic before you married him?"



"Only a day, Father; he was baptized in the morning and we were married in the evening."

"Has he lived up to his duties as a Catholic?"

"He has gone to Confession and Communion only twice," was the reply.

"And Mass?"

"Only a few Sundays."

"There again is a serious mistake," assured the priest: "A convert should be made to prove the sincerity of his conversion by leading a practical Catholic life for some time before any Catholic girl takes him for a husband. Very often, as in your own case, conversion to the Church is only a wedding-garment to be put on for the occasion, then cast aside as having served its purpose. And the drink, how was that before the marriage?"

"I knew that he drank," she answered timidly, "but he promised to give it up for my sake."

"And now don't be offended," said the priest, lowering his voice to a whisper, "did you really love the man?"

She hung her head and said nothing.

Such a searching examination had not been anticipated and the confessions she had made left her subdued and humiliated. The priest's questions had made her realize to its fullest extent, the fact that she herself had been the cause of her own misery, in letting God have nothing to do with the marriage; in rejecting for a foolish prejudice a man whose character was high and noble and whom she really loved—to marry another whose education and appearance and manners catered more to her own pride and met more agreeably the demands of her relatives and friends—but whose weakness forfeited her love or even her sincere respect.

"It has been all wrong from the very beginning," said the Pastor, after a long pause, "and only God can make it right again. Pray to him fervently and go often to the Sacraments. Accept your trial in the spirit of humble penance. A contrite heart God will never despise. As yet do not separate. I shall speak to your husband and pray that the chalice pass from you."

She went into the Church and knelt down before the altar. There could be no thought of deception in the presence of Him who knows and sees all things. The priest had not known, nor had he asked all.



The company-keeping had been sinful and God there on the altar had sent her the punishment.

She humbled herself before Him and begged for mercy.

She felt quite different now. She felt that she could endure anything if God would only pardon her. Hence she did not ask that the heavy cross be lifted from her bruised and bleeding shoulders. She repeated His own words: "Thy will, not mine be done". She prayed before the statue of the Madonna with the Seven Swords and a great comfort came into her heart. Then she went out strengthened.

Standing on the porch of the church, she was undecided whether to take the short way along the fields or go through the village and across the tracks to her home.

It was a glorious morning in early spring. The birds were nesting in the hedges and the crisp, buoyant air was laden with the melody of their songs. Nature was rejoicing at its release from the grasp of winter and she felt thrilled with a respondent hope that she too might some day be released from a bondage far more cruel. Engrossed in her own thoughts as she stood there, she did not observe a man who was advancing rapidly along the country road. It was not till he came to the very church and turned up the path that she awoke from her reverie and found herself face to face with—John Gorman. The quick recognition was mutual, and so sudden that the greetings on both sides were spontaneous. He was thoroughly glad to see her and, on her part, she felt all the old love for him come back in an instant with dangerous and impelling force.

"Julia," he said, "I think we have both made a mistake."

She knew that she at least had; but she must not compromise.

"Both?" she asked significantly.

"Yes," he said sadly, "you for rejecting me and I for letting you do it.

She forgot his Gaelic accent in the embarrassment of the moment. They looked at each other in silence; then he was the first to speak.

"I could forgive you, Julia, if I knew that you were really happy."

"What makes you think I am not?" she asked.

"You do not look it, Julia, you do not look it": and he was in dead earnest.

She tried to laugh pleasantly but it was a failure. Then he told her how he had been away for six years in the West, arriving home but a

few days previous. He was about to thank God in the Church for his unexpected success. He told her how he regretted the pride that would not let him plead with her or even demand a reason for the rejection. He declared his intention ever to remain single, happy in the memory of their once familiar friendship, even if it were past and gone forever. He had never seen her husband but he wished him well and envied him his happiness. It was what he felt and he did not perceive that the ground was dangerous and unsteady.

"We are both Catholics," she said at length, "and what has been done must remain."

He did not detect the tone of sadness in her voice. He did not know of the fierce temptation that now assailed her; but could it have been revealed to him he would only have helped her in the struggle against it.

"We must never meet again," she added with decision.

"True," he said most earnestly, "but may I come to you if ever you are free?"

"Nothing can free me but—*his* death." This time the tone of sadness was perceptible.

Scarcely had the words been spoken when the whistle of a locomotive shrieked wildly and repeatedly. They looked toward the railroad crossing. There was a train standing on the elevated grade: crowds of men and women were hastening towards it. Again there came other shrill, piercing shrieks from the engine like the warning notes of some dread disaster. It resounded in the empty Church and echoed again and again through the distant hills. The priest ran out of the rectory.

"Something is wrong at the crossing," he cried, dashing back into the house for the Holy Oils. Mrs. Rickwith and John quickly joined the hurrying crowd. As they reached the crossing they found all eyes directed upward to where the train stood on the trestle-work.

What a spectacle of horror met their gaze.

There was a human form pinned in between the wheels of the engine. It was a man: his breast lay flat on the track: the head and shoulders were free, and the pale, bloodless face was thrown forward, with the bulging eyes looking down at the crowd in the wild, fixed, glassy stare of death. At the first glimpse of the dead face, Mrs. Rickwith uttered a sharp cry and tottered backward in a dead faint. John

Gorman caught her in his arms. A woman standing near came to his assistance and began chafing the cold hands and forehead.

"Poor Mrs. Rickwith!" she said; then turning to John, she added: "You know we are neighbors."

"She was overcome, no doubt, by the ghastly sight," said John.

"She had good reason to," sighed the woman, "for the dead man up there is *her husband*," and she kept on rubbing the cold hands.

F. L. KENZEL, C. Ss. R.

### ONLY THROUGH CHRIST

There happened something very remarkable during the French Revolution of 1848, at a time when there seemed to be but little disposition to protect what belongs to religion. It was on the 24th day of February. The people came to invade the Royal Palace, whence King Louis Philippe had fled but a few moments before. They flung from the windows the furniture, hangings and carpets. One young man ran in all haste to the palace-chapel where noon-day Mass was just being said; he feared that the chapel might be sacked, and he wished to protect it.

It had already undergone some disarrangement; the priestly vestments were seen lying scattered in the sacristy, but no one had as yet touched the altar. The young Catholic then asked some of the National Guardsmen to help him to remove the sacred vessels and the crucifix.

"We will do so willingly," said they, "but on condition that we have with us a pupil of the Polytechnic School."

Two of these immediately presented themselves; they took the sacred vessels and the crucifix, and set out for the church of St. Roch. On the way they encountered some ill-disposed persons who began to scoff and hoot. The young man who carried the crucifix stopped, held it up, and cried out:

"Citizens, you seek to be regenerated; well, remember, you can be so only through Jesus Christ!"

At these words many voices from the crowd responded:

"Yes, yes, it is true; Christ forever! Vive le Christ! Vive le Christ!"

And respectfully baring their heads, they repaired to the church of St. Roch, where the priest received the crucifix, placed it on the altar and blessed the people."—(From French Newspaper, Feb. 28, 1848.)  
—*Ave Maria.*

## THE MORNING TRIAL

N. B.—Mainly St. Luke XXII, 66-68 or 9.

*An early hour!* When men set to work on an evil purpose, oh, how active and energetic do they become! And when they launch out on some project in favor of God and His church, how sluggish and dilatory is their conduct! Just now we are to glance at the perpetration of the darkest crime in the annals of history. Again the first thing about it all is the feverish haste of the chief participants. St. Luke brings this point out in strong relief by the simple words: "As soon as it was day, the ancients of the people and the chief priests and the scribes came together" (XXII, 66). You might imagine that the hours of rest since the midnight session might have allowed conscience time to reassert its claims; that a little reflection might have induced them to desist from their bloody purpose. You might imagine that the first golden rays of the sun that lit up that lovely morning, and sparkled in the dew drops nestling in the hearts of a myriad of spring-time flowers would also warm the hearts of men to pity. You might imagine that a feeling of holy solemnity saturated the air on that feast-day morning and must banish all thought of crime. Over the sleeping house-tops came the silver sound of the temple-trumpet, when the assisting priests were summoned to duty. In the homes of the simple common people many a heart was roused to fervent prayer. But in the stately mansions of the rich and great, the proud Sadducee and Pharisee bounded from his couch, and hurried out into the streets, hurried on the road to crime. An early hour, indeed! The streets were still empty and silent. The fear of the great masses was yet strong upon them. They had timed their measures in such a way as to be surrounded only by a motley crowd of howlers and shouters, who would cry to any tune which their masters called for. Yes, an early hour; for it could have been only about seven o'clock when they stood before Pilate's tribunal. Now before they came to Pilate, they had closed the meeting of which we are to speak just now; and besides, they had dragged Our Lord over a distance of nearly a mile. From this we may conclude that the present assembly was held between five and six o'clock of the morning.

### THE HIGH PRIEST'S HOME.

Of all the homes in the world, sin should have been banished here. Nevertheless, just here it stalked abroad through the courts, and was

enthroned in its spacious assembly-room. Of course, Holy Writ does not inform us about the place where this meeting was held. Hence some authors set the stage for it in the magnificent hall within the temple-area, known as Lishkath Haggazith. You will find some remarks about it in the issue of the Liguorian for August, 1914, pg. 345. However, do not fear: we shall not quarrel about the point. In short, it seems to me that the assembly was held in the hall of Caiphas, the High-priest. The main reason for this may be derived from St. John. When telling us how Our Lord was brought to Pilate, he uses these words: "Then they led Jesus from Caiphas to the Governor's hall" (XVIII, 28). To be sure, he does not state whether Caiphas was in his own home, or over in the temple. But when you bear in mind that St. John often inserts remarks of this nature just to clear up obscurities in the narratives of the other Gospels, it seems almost enough to settle the point. For just a few verses before he said: "And Annas sent him bound to Caiphas the high priest" (v. 24). There he surely meant the high-priest's hall. Therefore, when he goes on to say: "They led Jesus from Caiphas to the Governor's Hall", it seems most likely that he refers to Caiphas' hall as well. Moreover, no Evangelist makes any mention of the temple in this connection. But an event of this nature would hardly pass without comment. Lastly, Jewish tradition intimates that the Lishkath Haggazith was abandoned for judicial purposes a few years before Our Lord's trial.

#### THE JUDICIAL BODY.

St. Luke appears to lay particular stress on the fact that the Chief priests, the Ancients, and the Scribes had assembled. There is good reason for such emphasis. It shows that this was a specially solemn and crowded gathering. The summons had been most urgent. The matter to be despatched was of paramount importance to all parties concerned. In full session the Supreme Court of the Sanedrim counted 71 members. We may be a little curious to know whether history has preserved to us the names of any of these worthies. If we page through the writings of Josephus and the ponderous volume of the Talmud, we may be surprised to learn that about 40 of them are really known by name. More than a majority! Could we indulge in the luxury of a foot-note we might present the roll-call. But alas, who will stop to read a foot-note nowadays? The real interest we feel in these names is rather of a practical nature. Sometimes when men refuse to

believe, they appeal to the names of scientists and leaders of thought. How can such a shift justify their infidelity? Surely such an appeal cannot claim to be a result of modern progress. Even in times of the hoary past it was bandied about as a magical charm against faith: "Hath any of the rulers believed in him, or of the Pharisees?" (St. John VII, 48). Such an appeal is by no means decisive. Read through any serious book in defence of the faith and you will meet with a long and splendid muster-roll of men distinguished in science and devoted to their faith. Such an appeal would prove disastrous. Will you doubt or question all propositions which you know are doubted and questioned by somebody else? How few propositions would remain standing then? The mere fact that some scientists disbelieve a point does not prove its falsehood at all. Read through the annals of invention and discovery, and you will find that nearly every brilliant advance that was made, had first to crush down mountains of opposition piled up in its way by pretended science. The mere fact of disbelief is not a triumph of progress; it only puts men into the same boat with the Pharisees of old. Was their rejection of Our Lord founded on evidence? In St. Matthew, ch. XII, Our Lord healed the man who had a withered hand. The miracle was performed in public. Could the Pharisees produce any argument against it? What was their course? Read the fourteenth verse and you will see: "And the Pharisees going out made a consultation against him how they might destroy him". Is this scientific? Take another instance just at random. You remember the story of Dives and Lazarus. When Dives had been buried in hell, he thought of his brothers and begged Abraham to send Lazarus to them and induce them to do penance. He reinforced his request with the words: "If one went to them from the dead, they will do penance". In your hearts you might think: Why certainly, anyone would yield to such evidence. However the Pharisees had just such evidence before them. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, died. He lay four days in the grave. Then Our Lord raised him up again, and he lived and spoke as before. How did the Pharisees meet this argument? Let St. John tell us: "But the chief priests thought to kill Lazarus also; because many of the Jews by reason of him went away, and believed in Jesus" (XII, 10-11). They discarded unpleasant facts and resorted to brutal force. Many a time the disbelief of modern days throws history and historic methods to the winds; and resorts to

the same unscientific shift of brute force. The Church must be forcibly silenced and the Catholic school must be killed.

#### THE MATTER IN HAND.

St. Matthew says: they "took counsel against Jesus, that they might put him to death" (XXVII, 1). His death had been already decided upon. There remained only the manner of execution. That there was no question of a new hearing and second trial is clear from Our Lord's own words: "You will not let me go". The real purpose of their meeting was simply to hand him over to Pilate, and agree upon the charges and measures that would force Pilate to take His death upon himself. To secure this, some secondary matters had to be considered. First of all they had to rectify the legal blunders in their proceedings of last night. The Mishna, in Tract Sanedrim IV, 1, and V, 5, enacts that "a sentence of acquittal might be pronounced on the same day as that of the trial; whereas a sentence of condemnation could not be delivered till the following day". Now our Lord had been arrested yesterday evening, and at midnight was condemned to death. This flaw must be corrected both in the eyes of the people at large and, above all, before Pilate. Being the Roman Procurator, he had to send a report of the trial to Rome, and would not permit it to be marred by any such illegal course. Besides this, they may have been anxious to see whether Our Lord still persisted in his claims of being the messias and the Son of God.

#### THE FIRST QUESTION.

"If thou be the Christ, tell us." Their question is not sincere: it is not animated by an earnest search for truth. They simply want Him to play into their hands and make the game easy for them. They want to stand well with Pilate, as the friends of Rome. They want to stand well with the masses, as if they were zealous about the glory of God. Hence the double inquiry: whether he is the Christ or Messias and whether He is the Son of God. If Our Lord admits that He is the Messias they hope to force the hands of Pilate to this deed of blood. For, in the minds of many, the Messias must free them from the yoke of Rome and must pose as the temporal King of the Jews. If He admits being the Son of God, then they have every hope of inducing the mob to join in His condemnation on the score of blasphemy. This first question then, is really the chief point at present. It must suffice to hand Him over to Pilate and the sword of Rome must flash death



on one who would dare make himself a king in Judea without imperial warrant. But as usual, Our Lord's answer will cut the ground from under their feet. He will bring to light their criminal insincerity. He will make it clear that His kingdom is not such as the Jews were dreaming of; not a merely temporal and earthly realm.

*First part of the answer:* "If I shall tell you, you will not believe me. And if I shall ask you, you will not answer me, nor let me go." Faith depends on man's free will, as a necessary factor. St. Thomas voices the teaching of the Church on this head when he says: "Infidelity, as well as faith is in the understanding as in its immediate subject; but it is in the will as in its first mover". And he goes on to explain: "It is the contempt of the will which causes the dissent of the understanding; and it is in this dissent that infidelity essentially consists. Hence the cause of infidelity lies in the will". This tallies with Holy Writ which invariably presents faith as an act of obedience (Rom. I, 5, and XV, 18); infidelity as an act of disobedience (Gal. III, 1); infidelity is portrayed as a sin so grievous as to incur God's severest penalty: "He that believeth not, shall be condemned". If man's will were earnestly bent on serving God as He wishes to be served, faith and the laws of faith would be welcome. It is reasonable to believe a person of respected authority. But in all ages of history, what person possesses the authority wielded and acknowledged in Our Lord? Yet the Pharisees scorned His word. He proved his authority by undeniable facts; and their only evasion, was the resolve to kill Him. But our reason, has it not a perfect right to see its way toward faith? Of course it has. Not only a right but also a duty to investigate and come to faith. And this duty was scouted by the Pharisees. "If I shall ask you, you will not answer me." They cannot even bear to enter into a fair and honorable discussion. True, they did approach Him many a time with insidious questions, to puzzle and ensnare Him. But the light that should have illumined their minds to faith, only steeled their hearts in coldness and obstinacy. They could not complain of any lack of attention: "And no man was able to answer him a word; neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions". Even nowadays as many a one who prides himself on his infidelity, has slipped into the very same error. They condemn what they never thoroughly studied and examined. Our Lord could warn the people of his day: "If I had not come, and spoken to them, they would not



have sin; but now they have no excuse for their sin" (St. John XV, 22). So it is with the Church. She has a history so magnificent; her battles and victories were so imposing; her benefits to mankind so marvellous; any reasonable mind must pause and consider her claims. If she is so often condemned unheard, it is only another mark of resemblance with Christ; only another claim to serious attention. Strange! Indifference to Christ and His Church, cannot remain purely passive indifference; it usually degenerates into positive aversion and hate. The Pharisees had kept aloof from Him; but hate had taken root in their hearts. Therefore Our Lord added: nor will you "let me go". He cherished no illusions; and is fully aware that His fate is sealed. With all this, His words are moderate and calm. Though seemingly at their mercy, He does not cringe or cower before them. Though conscious of innocence, there is no burst of anger. Through His entire attitude there breathes an air of infinite superiority, of divinity. Nay more, there is a touch of mercy. He makes one last attempt to save their souls.

*Second part of the answer:* "But hereafter the Son of man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God". He makes one more appeal to their reason and conscience. Do not make light of God. Many a time even the most indifferent must hear that silent warning. Many a time the thought of death makes them tremble. Oh, God grant them the grace to profit by such a reminder and think well on it! But we must be brief. They understood his words aright; as we see by their next question: "Art thou then the Son of God?" We would gladly dwell upon the justice of their inference and the accuracy of the meaning they saw in His words. Suffice it to say that He fully approves all they said: "You say that I am". Yes, He himself is God. And they? They remained true to their method of brutally strangling the truth: "And they said: What need we any further testimony? for we ourselves have heard it from his own mouth. And the whole multitude of them rising up, led him to Pilate".

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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Several million Americans who never before in their lives experienced the pleasurable sensation of having money out on interest, now own interest-bearing bonds on the United States, the safest of creditors. May they retain the habits of honest thrift they have learned!

## FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

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### CHAPTER I. SMILES AND TEARS.

It was a workman's cottage, plain but homelike. The neatly kept lawn, the plot of old fashioned flowers and the Virginia Creeper that nearly hid the cool veranda bespoke the care that makes home a haven when toil is done. The night was hot and sultry, but the glow from two ruddy points of light in the darkness told that the two men comfortably ensconced in roomy rockers were seeking solace from the heat in the coolness afforded by my Lady Nicotine. The bass rumble of manly voices and the absence of the light laughter that usually accompanies the rest hours of the world's toilers, showed that the subject of conversation was either one of deep interest or of vast import to the men.

Father and son were they, both alike cast on the rugged lines that the Steel Mills form. The father's hair was silvered and his shoulders slightly stooped, for toil not time ages the children of the furnace and the mill. But the broad chest and sturdy frame told that it would be many a year ere this man found refuge on the scrap heap to which bent and broken toilers go. The son, a youth of twenty summers, breathed strength and power from every line of his manly form. Burned and bronzed by the glow of the furnace, his clear blue eye and firm cut mouth proved that dissipation which, alas, too often wrecks even the iron constitution engendered by the mills had claimed no toll from him.

A lovable lot are these children of the mills. The iron and steel which form a part of the very air they breathe has no part in their souls. Generous to a fault, loyal, kind and true, when unspoiled by the vice and sin that lure them on every side, they are truly Nature's noblemen in their simple Faith and gentle, homely, kindliness.

Let him who thinks that workmen have no souls, listen to the colloquy of these two men on the porch.

"Tom, old boy," the father was saying, "we'll miss you sadly. But God knows your old daddy would be the last man to stand in your way. There are greater gains than dollars and cents and higher duties even than love and home."

"I know just how you feel, Dad," replied the son, laying his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder. "I've had a good home, and God only knows how I hate to leave it. But the country needs me more

than you do now, and thank goodness the Doyles know enough to put their duty before their feelings."

"And how about the fellows that say that us fellows who are making iron and steel are doing a soldier's work right here at home?" asked his father.

Tom spat contemptuously over the rail of the veranda.

"Dad, you've often told me the answer to that yourself," he said. "There's plenty of men with families and enough old fellows who were sent to the scrap heap before their time to keep the mills running to full capacity. I'll never call a man a slacker, who is needed in the mills. But when a fellow can be spared he belongs in the ranks of the fighting men, and the fact that he is making shot and shell or building ships and armor plate for high wages doesn't keep him from being a slacker and a coward if he don't enlist."

"Right you are, Tommy," said the old man proudly, "and it's glad I am to hear you speak that way. But then you might go to the bad in the army. They say soldiers lead awful lives."

The manly face of the lad clouded for an instant. "Dad," he said earnestly, "that's the only thing that worried me. I'm no saint, and I suppose when a fellow's away from home and nobody around to keep him straight, he's apt to cut loose once in awhile. But a man's a man wherever he is, and God's Commandments hold the same in the army as at home. If my Faith ain't strong enough, with the help God gives me, to keep me from going to hell in the army, then I'll be a disgrace to the uniform I wear. For a traitor to God is a blamed sight worse than a coward who runs from the Germans."

"Spoken like a man and a Catholic," answered the old man with a trace of tears in his voice. "Tom, never do anything you would be ashamed to let me and your mother know and you'll be all right."

"Well, Dad," said the young man, leaning over the veranda and carefully shaking the ashes from his cigar, "I guess you can trust me to keep clean and be a good soldier. If I can't keep good with all I have to help me, then I never will be good. I read in a book once, that what a fellow loves will show in his life. Now, Dad, I've been doing some pretty tall thinking since I decided to enlist, and it seems to me that first of all I love God and our Blessed Mother. Then since I'm willing to leave my home and die if need be to keep Old Glory without stain, I guess after God, I love my country. My next love isn't so easy

to tell. I don't know whether it belongs to you and Mother and Mary or to the little girl that's promised to marry me when both of us are a little older. Anyway, I love these four best of all—God and Country—my family and my sweetheart—and all of them are good, pure loves, things worth loving, worth dying for. Four loves and a life, that's all I have. And if my life is a disgrace to any of the good, pure things I love, then it's false to all of them. But,—hold on, Dad, you and me are talking like mourners at a funeral, and that's a mighty poor way to spend our last night together. We were both at Confession this afternoon, and what I promised Father McGuire then, I promise you now. I'll be true to God and true to the U. S. A., and with God's help and the prayers of those at home, I'll come back as clean in heart as I leave."

There was silence for a moment. The old man dropped his cigar and brushed a furtive hand over his eyes. Then his hand went out in the darkness and clasped that of his son. "Tom," whispered the father in a voice choked with emotion, "God knows I never doubted you. But somehow my old heart was hungry to hear you say just what you've said. Go, my son, and God bless you and keep you. And now let's change the subject. Are you sure you've got everything you need?"

Tom chuckled in the darkness.

"Bless your heart, Dad," he said, "I've got a whole lot more than I need. Mother has put enough socks in my trunk to fit out a centipede, and cough medicines and cold cure, when I haven't had a cold since I was a kid. And the gang in the mill must think I'm going to start a cigar store, judging by the amount of cigars and cigarettes and tobacco they gave me. I'll need a special train to carry it all."

The old man laughed.

"And are you going to take the medals with you that you won in your races?" he asked slyly.

His son grinned broadly.

"Nary a medal," he responded. "It might'nt add to my reputation as a soldier, if I qualified as a runner. They want fighters, not runners. But, say, Dad, I'll bring you home a medal. If I meet a German wearing an Iron Cross, and the terms are any way equal, I'm going to get an Iron Cross in a way the Kaiser never dreamed of when he instituted that famous decoration." The two laughed again in sympathy.

Then Tom sprang to his feet as the gate clicked. "Why, here's Mother and Mary back from confession!" he exclaimed running down the steps. "Well, did you get through?" he asked, putting his arm affectionately round his mother's shoulder.

"Indeed we did," answered the mother. "Father McGuire certainly cheered me up. He said a mother who gives her son to her country gives him to God. And he said I should feel safe sending you away on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, because the Sacred Heart will certainly bring you back to me."

"He told me to say the Rosary for you every night," said his sister Mary. "You certainly ought to be some soldier with me wearing my knees out praying for you!"

"A little more praying won't hurt you, Sis!" responded her brother teasingly.

"Now all of you come into the house!" interrupted the ever thoughtful mother. "It's after ten o'clock. And if we don't take a little lunch and get to bed, I'll have a great time waking you for early Mass."

Gaily the family repaired to the dining room where they were soon enjoying a substantial lunch. Laughter and jokes seasoned the repast. But the hungry eyes of the mother which never left the face of her boy, and little intervals of silence on the part of all, showed that the minds of the family were on the parting which the morrow would bring.

In the midst of the forced gaiety, a knock sounded at the door, and the mother hastened to answer it. The caller proved to be Tom's bosom friend, Tom Cullom, who had come to communicate to Tom the contents of a telegram received as to the shipment of their trunks. Refusing an invitation to join the party at the festive board, he bade them good night and departed.

When the party were again seated the father remarked:

"Tom, I could never see why you like that boy so much. He used to drink, he's a Protestant, and he's always drifting from one job to another."

"Ted's all right!" responded Tom. "You've often asked me about my friendship for him before, but I've never told you the whole story. It's not very long, so I'll give it to you now. Mary, perhaps you remember I used to go with another girl before I discovered that your friend Rose is the only girl in the world for me?"

His sister giggled: "Another girl! Say, Tom, to my knowledge you've been dead in love at least ten times."

"I mean the girl from Minersville," said Tom sheepishly, shaking his fist at his tormentor. "Well, one night Ted and two other fellows and myself were seeing some girls from Minersville home from a dance. At the corner of Iron Street we passed a crowd of about six fellows standing in front of a saloon and one of them yelled after us: 'You guys make this your last trip with our girls!' and one of our crowd answered back. On our way home the six rough necks blocked our way and a fight started. I landed on one fellow's jaw and was making a pass at a second, when either a club or a brick, I didn't know which at the time, hit me behind the ear and I went down and out for the count. When I came to, Ted was standing over me with his back to the wall of the saloon, standing off the six guys with his fists. The rest of our fellows had beat it. When I opened my eyes, Ted told me to lie still till I got my breath. Then he dragged me to my feet and said: 'Now, Tom, it's back to back for you and me.' Well, we did put back to back, and believe me it was some fight till we got away. We did get through though, and that was the end of it, till one night in Central Park, with a cop about a block away, Ted showed me the fellow that had hit me from behind with a club. Ted kept his eye on the cop and in about two minutes I gave that guy all that was coming to him. That's all. But believe me, I'll never go back on a fellow that fought like Ted did that night for me. I think the army will make a man of him, and I'm proud to enlist with Ted Cullom for a pal."

"Well, Tom, I don't blame you now," said his father. "Anyhow Ted will never spoil you."

"I should say not!" said the mother warmly. "Ted's mother says our Tom is making a real good boy out of Ted." Whereat Tom blushed and his sister giggled.

Then good-night was said and the family retired.

Next morning when the family had assembled the mother spoke the words that showed the truly Christian spirit of the household. "My dear boy," she said, "we have talked matters over, and all of us have decided to say our real good-bye to you this morning, in church. Rose will be there, too, in the pew with us. We will tell the Sacred Heart in Holy Communion all that our hearts cannot find words to say to you at the hour of parting. Our farewell will be told to Jesus and our Blessed Mother. We will leave you in their care: our prayer will be 'Sacred Heart of Jesus we place our trust in Thee. Mary Mother of

God be a mother to our dear old Tom.' Then, Tom, you need not **dread the parting** at the station or the last few hours at home. We will promise to be happy and gay while you are with us. Whether you live or die you will be safe in the care of Jesus and Mary, and we will be resigned."

The stillness of the little parlor was unbroken for an instant. Then Tom, Tom, the big strong man of the mills, threw his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her again and again. Tears coursed down his cheeks in torrents and he sobbed like a little child. Father and mother and sister mingled their tears with his. The storm, however, was soon over, and then Tom in a voice that shook and quavered with emotion exclaimed: "God bless you Father, and Mother and Sister. With a farewell like this to cherish, I can never go wrong. Sacred Heart of Jesus I place my trust in Thee. Mary, Blessed Mother, be a Mother to me and mine and make me worthy of their unselfish love."

Slowly and silently the family made their way to church. Reverently they received their Lord and God, Tom kneeling between his mother and Rose. In silent prayer with their hidden God, Father and Mother and sweetheart and sister and son told their farewell to the Heart that knew and shared the sorrows of mortal men. If the eyes of the little group shed tears, and if their hearts shook with suppressed sobs, theirs was a sanctified grief, a holy sorrow, and the Sacred Heart dried those tears and stilled the sobs with a gentle tenderness that only lovers of Jesus and His Mother know.

Rose Lane joined the Doyles at dinner that day. The direct opposite of Tom in her gentle frailty, she was a fair faced, pious, **pure hearted girl, such a girl** as a strong man delights to love, such as will make home a Paradise and life a joy, too good to be spoiled by prosperity, too true to shrink from sharing the sorrows and adversities of him to whom she has given her heart. After she and Tom had whispered for awhile those secrets so dear to lovers and too sacred for other ears, they joined the family at table, and dinner passed amid laughter and good cheer.

True to the mother's promise there was no gloom in the home of the Doyles that day. Rose and the family accompanied the soldier-to-be to the Station. There a group of friends awaited them. Mother and father and sister and sweetheart had only time for a farewell kiss ere the conductor called "All Aboard". At the last moment tears would



come in spite of the mother's promise, for when human hearts are full, tears needs must flow. But smiles shone through the tears. It was a smiling Tom who waved farewell from the train that bore him away, and the little group of loved ones were smiling, albeit somewhat sadly, as they wended their way homewards.

But that night, as a train speeded Westward, a strong man in one of the coaches was weeping silently, as strong men weep. And in a little Pennsylvania town, a mother sobbed herself to sleep, a sister mingled tears with the beads of the Rosary, as she prayed, and a gentle sweet-faced girl pinned a tear-stained badge of the Sacred Heart to the picture of her lover, that adorned her dressing table. And on a vine-clad veranda a silvery-haired old man sat with an unlighted cigar between his fingers and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes at an empty rocker beside him.

(To be Continued.)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled the words: "A child of whom her playmates said: 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it is one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever read.—*Selected.*

### A BIRTHDAY GREETING

The road wound over the sun-kissed hills  
From out the city of God,  
And ended afar in the valley of death  
Where rests the wearisome clod.

A youth strode lightly, with buoyant step,  
In the fresh, sweet morning air,  
And paused at a milestone marking the way  
To rest him a moment there.

He thought of the many miles he'd trod,  
Of the dreary hours, and bright;  
And prayed that he might be safely home  
When the stars shone out at night.

I saw him resting beside the way;  
I called to him hopefully,  
And wished him "God speed" on his journey far,—  
For his home is Eternity.

—Lt. Chapl. Andrew F. Browne, C. Ss. R.



## WHOM THE LORD LOVETH

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We have not been created for this earth; we have been created for the blessed kingdom of Paradise. For this reason, says St. Augustine, God mingles so much bitterness with the delights of the world that we may not forget Him and eternal life. If, living as we do amid so many troubles and trials, we are still so strongly attached to this world and long so little for the joys of heaven, how little would we think of those same joys if life here on earth were nothing but a round of pleasures and God never embittered it with sufferings and trials?

If we have offended God, we must needs be punished either in this world or in the next. By sending us sorrows and pains, God gives us an opportunity of satisfying for our sins, and at the same time of gaining merits for heaven. Hence St. Ambrose says that God is merciful as well when He punishes as when He does not. Or to put the same thought in other words: the chastisements of God are but the effects of His love. They are, it is true, punishments, but punishments which ward off from us eternal punishment and bring us to everlasting happiness. This same truth was brought home to the Jews of old. When they were under the scourge of the Lord, they were reminded that these punishments were not for their destruction, but for their amendment. Thus the valiant Judith said to her countrymen: "Let us believe that these scourges of the Lord with which we are chastised, have happened for our amendment and not for our destruction".

Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth. At first sight this seems a strange doctrine, and for that reason the saints lost no chance of emphasizing it. Where God loves, says St. Basil, severity is usually the pledge of His graces. And St. Chrysostom: When God punishes us on this earth, He does not do so out of hatred, but that He may draw us to Himself. He chastises us for a while, that He may have us with Him in eternity. When the surgeon uses the knife, remarks St. Augustine, He does so to cure the patient. And God, the saint continues, does the same in our regard. He seems to be cruel; but do not fear; for he is a Father who is never cruel, and does not wish to destroy us.

Why then do you complain when God sends you some suffering? You ought instead to thank Him for His loving thought of you, and by patiently bearing this suffering do penance for your sins. Thank God,

and say: Lord, this chastisement is trifling when compared to the number of my sins. I deserved to be burning in hell; but Thou hast had compassion on me and given me an opportunity of making amends for my past transgressions. Through the merits of Thy Son and the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, give me strength and patience.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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## THE MASTER CALLETH

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It was Christmas time in the Home of the Liguorian. Everything was taking on the color of this holy season. Outside, the college property was covered with a mantle of white and Lake La Belle lay buried beneath the snow and ice. Within, the work of preparation for the advent of the Christ Child went on apace. The beautiful crib—that touching reminder of the lowly cave and the lonely night of long ago—was nearing completion. The festive streamers, the garlands, the wreaths, the green fir trees, all were strewn about here and there awaiting the decorator's hand to arrange them into tasty designs. The spirit of Christmas was in the air. Every heart beat in joyful expectation of the angel of Bethlehem who was to announce the Saviour's birth.

The time of Christmas had surely come. Even Christmas itself had come to enliven and cheer many homes, but Christmas had not come for the Home of the Liguorian. The work of preparation was abruptly stopped. The joy that centered around the Crib was turned to sorrow. The Christmas festivities did not take place. The angel of Bethlehem did not come to announce His birth, but in its stead came the angel of Death. The Influenza had burst with all its fury upon us and its first reapings occasioned three graves, the first in our new home, and that on the first days of the New Year.

### THREE GRAVES.

Strange indeed are the ways of Providence. And strange were the manifestations of that ever-guiding Providence in the crisis that so lately came upon us. Violent though the attack of the dreaded Influenza was, none ever dreamed that the great toll would be asked of us. The constant attention of the infirmarians, the experienced guidance of the trained nurse, the professional skill of the doctors, these we considered somewhat of a guarantee against death. In an ordinary visitation these would have sufficed, but this was more than ordinary. God had marked certain ones as His own. He sent the Reaper to still

their lives and before His decree all medical skill paled into insignificance.

It was on New Year's day that the first grave opened to receive our Dead. Dull gray clouds choked back the rays of the morning sun, and cast a leaden hue over land and lake. A small procession moved slowly across the lawn to a quiet spot on the hillside and with them they bore all that earth can claim of Frater Arthur Froehlich, of St. Louis. On either side of his casket stood a few Lay-Brothers, a few Students, and a few Fathers. At one end were the officiating priests, our Very Rev. Father Provincial, our Rev. Father Prefect, and our Father Infirmarian. At the other was his sorrowing, heart-broken mother, out of whose life a light had faded forever. Beside her and supporting her in her keen mother-sorrow were her two devoted sons; the elder a khaki-clad officer of the aerial corps, the other a lad still in his teens. They had gathered there that New Year's morning to pay their last tribute of love and affection to our departed Friend. The malady, which claimed Frater Froehlich as its victim, kept his fellow-students from joining that group on the hillside. Some, who were convalescing, looked out of the college windows upon that sad scene and sorrowed that they were still too weak to stand beside his open grave. Many there were who were still confined to a sick-bed, some even at the point of death. And one lay in state in a wake-room.

Just one day of the New Year has passed. The same gray clouds overhang the heavens, casting the same dull hue over land and lake. The same procession winds its way across the college lawn to the same quiet spot. This time they bear to a last resting place the mortal remains of Frater Patrick Brennan of Quebec. About his casket are grouped the same Lay-Brothers, the same Students, the same Fathers, the same officiating priests as of yesterday. But where is Frater Brennan's sorrowing mother, out of whose life a light has faded forever? Where his devoted sister? The malady, that stilled his life, had fastened its poisonous fangs upon the mother. And today, whilst the body of her dead son is being lowered into the grave, she lies suffering upon a sick-bed in far-away Quebec. Beside her and nursing her through her illness stands Frater Brennan's devoted sister. That is the offering they had to bring to a sacrifice well-nigh supreme. They paid their last tribute from afar.

Ten days of the New Year have passed. The dull gray clouds are

rifted and the rays of the morning sun beam down upon the college property. The procession is again moving towards a new-made grave beside the other two. Today they bear to rest the body of Frater John Power of Prince Edward Island. He too has fallen a victim to the Influenza and is about to be laid beside his dead companions. But his fellow-students are able to stand around the grave. His own classmates are well enough to act as pall-bearers. At one end of his coffin stand the officiating priests, our Very Rev. Father Rector, and two of our Father Professors. But at the other there is a place left vacant by Frater Power's loved relatives far away. Thousands of intervening miles separate them from this sad spot on the shores of Lake La Belle. The melodious accents of the Benedictus float upon the air, and the funeral services assume a more solemn aspect. There are but few faces in the college windows. The Students for the most part are recovered from the Influenza, and today they join in paying their last respects to Frater Power.

But to us these graves are not as to those who have no hope: for, whilst we see the cold earth closing upon those we love, with the eyes of Faith we see heaven opening before them—and there the Crowns Eternal!

#### THREE CROWNS.

In our college chapel there is a beautiful painting, whose conception is drawn from the words of St. Alphonsus: "I see in heaven a crown prepared for those who live and die in our Congregation". There on the canvas the artist pictures our holy Founder in the midst of his spiritual children. The eyes of the Saint are raised in ecstatic vision to our Blessed Lady and our Divine Redeemer. In Mary's hands is the crown which St. Alphonsus sees prepared for all Redemptorists, and the Saviour's arms are outstretched to receive His co-redeemers home. Often have we knelt there in the chapel and gazed upon that picture; often, when the clouds of trial and disappointment darkened our path, when the way seemed long and weary, that picture brought consolation to us; often we yearned to reach out our hand and grasp that promised crown. Yet this is what our departed Friends have done. They lived and died as good holy Redemptorists, and so—we have it on the promise of a Saint—there are three new crowns in heaven. But in winning that rich reward each one of our dead Companions went his own peculiar way.

Frater Brennan's was the way of the Little Flower, a way characterized especially by humility. He was with us only three brief months, but in that short time he won the high esteem of all. He had been educated at Levis College, Canada, and it was there he received a Bachelor's degree. For him to mention that he had acquired this distinction, to speak at all of his attainments, would be to bring himself into prominence; but this was not the manner in which Frater Brennan chose to sanctify himself. He had an artless, yet effective way of cloaking his accomplishments. Whenever a subject arose which was likely to draw Frater Brennan into the limelight, he would turn the conversation into some channel less dangerous to his humility. Even in our College games the principle which guided his life was very much in evidence. From his early training he had acquired a remarkable proficiency in the winter sports. And yet he was slow to pass a decision on any rule, he was careful never to let his greater skill bring him into the foreground. Humility tempered even his play. But above all, it was his humility of heart that made Frater Brennan the grand character he was. It was because of his humility that God chose him as His own, and it was through this virtue he won his Crown.

Frater Froehlich's was the way distinguished by charity. The very warp and woof of his life were but tissues of charity towards God and the neighbors. Of the many and fond memories which his fellow-students have of Frater Froehlich few if any are sweeter or more abiding than those which picture him fervently praying before the Blessed Sacrament. One little book, which he used often to read and reread, a book which was in fact his Vade Mecum, was the Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ by St. Alphonsus. One of his last acts in the College book-bindery was to re-bind and re-cover his favorite volume. Out of his love for God sprang his charity towards the neighbor. This manifested itself in his burning zeal for souls. In response to their cry, especially to the cry of those most abandoned, he labored on through all these years of preparation. Through his zeal for souls he caught the missionary spirit of the Liguorian, and became an enthusiastic worker for the cause it champions. It was his charity towards his companions that caused him to play so prominent a part in all our games and recreations. In the capacity of infirmarian, Frater Froehlich was deeply solicitous towards the sick and was constant in his attendance on them. It was this love and devotion towards his suffering friends that led up to his supreme sacrifice, to an act of charity which cost him his life

but which won for him the Crown of Life Eternal. For does not our Lord somewhere say: "Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend?"

And lastly, Frater Power's was a way in which virtue of obedience was preëminent. The deep religious principles which he had imbibed during life, showed themselves most strikingly in his last illness and in his last agony. In obedience to our Father Infirmarian he took to the bed from which he was never to rise; for the Angel had come to take him Home. He submitted his will in all things, obeying all those under whose care he had been placed. On the feast of the Epiphany, the day on which he entered his agony of forty long hours, he wished to rise from his bed and serve Holy Mass. On the College appointment board he was assigned to a certain altar. He remembered this through all those days of sickness, and on this morning he wanted to make a last effort to discharge that sacred duty. But, when our Rev. Father Prefect told him that he should not get up, that someone else would serve in his stead, he quietly lay back upon his pillow in obedience to his director. Some few hours before the end came Frater Power turned to our Very Rev. Father Rector, and between his dying gasps for breath he asked: "Is it time? Shall I stop breathing now?" "No," was the answer, "it is not yet time. Keep on breathing till God wants you to stop." Slowly did Frater Power repeat each word of the command, and then with a deliberate effort he began to breathe again. When his time was come, Frater Power went forth to receive the Crown of victory: "The obedient man shall speak of victories".

What before was a place of amusement, is now become God's Acre. The remains of our departed Companions hallow and sanctify our College property, and their graves stand as angel monitors to our Seminary.

#### THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

But what were our thoughts during this great visitation of Providence when we saw the angel of Death come into our Home and take away three of our fellow-students. Thoughts of sorrow we surely had, for their going inflicted a deep wound on our hearts which no merciful touch of time can ever heal. Thoughts of sorrow lurked in our minds, for weak human nature often chafes under the chastening rod of God. But in the light of Faith our thoughts were of heaven. Our thoughts took their color from above.

Did any of us think of wishing the Dead back to life No, none! We all realized that our Departed had gone to a happier home, to our true Home, where they will win great graces for their bereaved friends and relatives. We all felt that in death our departed Companions were nearer to us than ever they were in life. It was God speaking to our hearts. It was the Master of Life and Death tingeing our natural sorrow with supernatural resignation. The same Divine Hand that had stilled their lives forever, lifted the clouds of sorrow that the light of heaven might stream into our souls. Everyone of us knew that the Departed were fully prepared to meet their God, and none of us ever dreamed of wishing them back to life.

Did any perhaps think of changing places with the dear Ones in the coffins? Yes, many; perhaps, all! Happy, indeed, to change places with them; happy to leave this world's sorrows and trials, and go to meet our God as well prepared as they. Happy to exchange the perishable whiteness of snow, which is but a presage of heavenly purity, for the imperishable whiteness of their garments.

Thus far and yet farther did our thoughts of heaven go. We saw in the snow-laden fir trees great white sentinels to guard those new-made graves. And just as the white angels who guarded His sepulchre on that Easter morning, told the weeping women, "He is not here. He is risen!" so on those January days the whitened firs seemed to say, "They are not here. They have gone to heaven!"

LIGUORI NUGENT, C. Ss. R.

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### ST. OSMUND AND SATAN

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One day, so an ancient writer records, St. Osmund was going, as he did every day, to the church, when the tempter tried to bar his way.

"Who art thou?" asked Osmund.

"I am Satan," was the answer, "and daily have I suffered great wrongs at thy hands, so that I would gladly stop thee in thy good resolves."

"What wrongs have I done thee?" asked the Saint.

Mark the reply of the fiend.

"You surpass me in but little in goodness; for, if you fast, I never eat; if you watch, I never sleep; if you work, I never rest. But there is one thing in which you have the better of me: you think little of yourself. It is your humility which hinders me from overcoming you."



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Anecdotes</h2>	
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### THE DRAGOON'S GENUFLECTION

The scene is laid in a little village of Alsace, not far from the enemy trenches. For six months the dragoons were on guard there: day by day they see the roofs cave in and the walls crumble under the daily strokes of shell and shrapnel. Not only bullets big and small rain upon them but incendiary bombs which, naturally directed on the . . . . make of the Church and surrounding houses a flaming furnace within a few minutes. The cure badly hurt crawled out of the cellar where he had been hiding—had hardly gotten outside, when he thought of the Sacred Host which he had taken to his room for safekeeping and which would be consumed by the flames. He scarcely knew what to do.

One of the dragoons, the young Iruretagoyena, who was in a hole near by, saw the priest's plight and asked him what was wrong.

"Where is the Blessed Sacrament?" he asked.

"In that room," said the priest pointing.

Enough. The young dragoon waited just a moment to let one of the burning walls fall to the ground, then, before the priest could detain him, he rushed into the flames.

A few moments later he came out, reverently carrying the ciborium, which he placed in the hands of the priest. He had but one thought.

"Father," he said, with evident marks of penitence.

"Well, what it is, child?" asked the priest.

"I wanted to make the double-genuflection, father, really; but there was so little time—I could just about make a genuflection on one knee."

Is it not beautiful to see this rough young dragoon thinking before all—even in the midst of fire and smoke that threatened his life—of rendering homage to God?

Iruretagoyena was cited in the order of the day with this beautiful notice:

"Excellent soldier, who has ever since the beginning of the campaign, given proof of his bravery. On May 22, being on watch, he kept his place during a violent bombardment. On June 16, during the fire at A—— he prevented the cure from rescuing the Bl. Sacrament from the flames, by himself going into the building, despite the



burning debris that fell all around him, and jumping through a window brought it to the priest."

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### ROSES

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A pious farmer had accustomed himself from his youth to the praiseworthy practice of assisting at Mass every day. Whenever he heard the bell ring for Mass, no matter with what he was occupied, he interrupted his work and went to church. When he grew old, his advanced age made this daily journey very difficult.

One day, while working in the field, the bell rang for Mass. The road to church was long, the weather rough; he felt fatigued from his labor; and still—he shook himself and went as usual. On his way he thought to himself:

"I am old now and cannot walk as well as in former years. It would surely not be displeasing to God, if, in future I remain at my work when I am in the field instead of going to Mass; when I am at home I will go."

While engaged in such thoughts, he seemed to hear footsteps approaching from behind. Turning round, he saw, to his great astonishment an angel, who said to him:

"I advise you not to carry out the resolution you have just made, but to continue going to Mass as you have been doing. As many steps as you take to go to church, so many roses grow from your footprints. Behold, these roses I have plucked for you today." He then showed him the roses and added: "If you continue in your laudable practice to the end, I will, after your death, encircle your brow in heaven with roses of never-ending joy and happiness."

Having said this the angel vanished. It may easily be imagined that the pious farmer accepted and followed the advice joyfully and gratefully.

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### A TOUCHING AFRICAN CUSTOM

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Bishop Lemartre, White Father, who is Vicar Apostolic of the French Soudan, gives us an account of the fervor and devotion of the people of his diocese. Here as elsewhere, the women are specially devout. Very often at Mass a woman will have two or three children by her side and a baby on her back.

His description of the mothers receiving Communion under such circumstances is most touching.

"The mothers go to the altar with their infants fastened on their backs. It is touching to see the baby following with his great white eyes — (for the blacker the face, the larger and whiter the eyes appear) — the action of the priest placing the Sacred Host upon the mother's tongue. There seems to be an attraction between the God of pure souls and these holy innocents.

"On returning to their places these women do a most touching thing. Bringing their infants before them, they kiss the child, so that the lips that have received Christ touch the lips of the baby, and the little one communicates, as it were, in that manner."

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### BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU

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A lady from Toronto, according to the Catholic Register of that city, who had been visiting her son interned in Switzerland, gave a lecture when she returned and roundly denounced His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, for his alleged pro-Germanism.

A Catholic lady meeting her some time afterward said:

"I suppose you had a happy meeting with your son in Switzerland?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "it was such a joy and such an unexpected privilege."

"I was surprised then," said the Catholic woman, "that you attacked so bitterly the one man who was responsible for your getting that interview."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the lecturer.

"Didn't you know," asked the Catholic lady, "that it was the Pope who obtained the exchange of prisoners and their entry into Switzerland?"

"Well, do you know, I never thought of that," was the reply. "I must cease talking bad about the Pope after this."

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### TO THE CHRIST

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Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—  
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me;  
When one with him, then one with Thee;  
Nor, save together, Thine are we.

—*Father Tabb.*

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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### POPE AND PRESIDENT

The ruler of the greatest spiritual organization in the world and the ruler of the greatest republic in the world met in private conversation for one-half hour.

What the Founder and the abiding Lord of the Church, Our Saviour Jesus Christ, meant to accomplish for His Church by this meeting, we do not know. It was surely a most remarkable event.

Should it not help to wipe away the last remains of bigotry? Should it not help to make still clearer to all minds that a man may be a good Catholic and a good American at the same time? Should it not make Catholics lift up their heads with honest pride that God has chosen to bring the Holy Father's moral influence so visibly before the eyes of men at this all-important crisis of history? Should it not make everyone realize—if he ever failed to see it—that every power for good in the world finds in the Holy Father a ready helper?

During the very days when we celebrate the coming of the Magi to the Crib of the Infant Saviour, the President of the United States went to Rome, to visit the Vicar of Christ on Earth.

### A GENTLEMAN

In meeting men who hold the highest positions of emolument and trust in the great commercial concerns of our country, one cannot fail to be struck with a characteristic that has largely contributed towards enabling them to secure and retain their present places, that is, their gentlemanly appearance and deportment. Let it be understood there is absolutely nothing of the fop or dude about them. But neatness, cleanliness, and business-like correctness is to be noted in the condition of clothing, shoes, hair, beard, face, hands, nails, and teeth. There is no affectation in speech or manners. They can express their ideas clearly and briefly in correct English. They know how to restrain impatience or annoyance and to give kind, appreciative attention to all with whom they must have dealings. They never forget the little acts and phrases which etiquette has invented for the amelioration of human intercourse. In a word, they conduct themselves like polished gentlemen. The im-

portant business interests for which they are responsible demand this. Extraordinary indeed, in our day, must be the ability or the "pull" of the man who can secure and hold a high position in a great commercial concern if he lacks gentlemanliness.

There ought to be more Catholics than there are in these positions. We have Catholic men in plenty with the integrity, the clear-sightedness, the industry, the business ability, that made one eminently fitted for such posts. Is it possible that they are sometimes disqualified because enough attention was not paid to the cultivation of the external qualities of the gentleman in the Catholic home, the Catholic school, and the Catholic social gathering?

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### WE APPEAL TO YOU

The Doctor was bending over his patient: what ailed him? He ate this and that which was harmful to himself; he neglected his rest when money urged him to work; he neglected the laws of God and nature when pleasures beckoned him on. Now he asked the doctor to cure him.

"I appeal to yourself!" said the doctor. "We have been prescribing for you; have been trying to keep bad food from you; have been trying to force you to rest; but all our preventives and cures are of no avail as long as you insist on getting what is harmful for yourself."

Catholic young people, we appeal to you. You realize the dangers of promiscuous movies and dances and theaters. The most priceless of your jewels—your innocence, your healthy moral life, your character, your soul—are in danger. All our preventives—our censorships and regulations, our warnings and watchings—will be useless if you insist on getting what is harmful for yourselves. The remedy lies ultimately in your own hands. We appeal to yourselves!

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### FALSE WITNESS

The sacrament of Confession was instituted by Jesus Christ in the form of a criminal trial. The priest is the delegated judge, and you are both the accused and the witness. Your duty as witness is to give the judge a right understanding of the charges, so that he may pronounce a reasonable sentence in accordance with his commission: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall

retain they are retained." You say: "Father, I missed Mass three times." Naturally, the priest understands it was through your own fault—that therefore you committed three mortal sins. Hence if it was because the churches were closed, and accordingly without any sin on your part, you caused the priest to form a wrong judgment. You must no more make the priest form a wrong judgment by exaggerating your sins than by concealing them. In the present case, either do not mention missing Mass at all, since it was no sin on your part and therefore need not be confessed, or add at once: "But, Father, it was not my fault; the church was closed."

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### WHAT THINGS ARE CAESAR'S?

The epidemic is under control, the panic has subsided, and men are once more able to think coolly. The time therefore seems appropriate to remind all who are under a wrong impression from the doings of the past weeks, that the civil authorities have absolutely no right to determine when the Church may or may not hold divine services.

It happens that, in the epidemic just past, there were features which made the interference of the civil authorities particularly presumptuous. They put the house of God on a level with the theatre and the moving picture place; they allowed people to congregate in street cars, stores, and factories every day and forbade them to enter the church for a half hour once a week; while medical science stood helpless before the dread visitation, unable to cure or prevent it, unable even to determine with certainty whether the gathering of crowds would spread it, people were forbidden to offer public supplications to God from whom alone help could come. But even aside from the features that made this case especially presumptuous, the civil authorities have no right to forbid the people to assemble in church to honor God.

But they say, you can honor God as well at home. We reply that they are hopelessly outside their legitimate sphere when they try to dogmatize about where God can be best honored. Suppose, they say, the Church should wish to act against the very fundamental principles of public health, would the State have no redress? We answer, the Church of God will not so act. Instead of worrying about such impossible eventualities, keep well in mind the principle enunciated by Divine Wisdom: Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.

### WOMAN

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Mgr. Pinto DeCampos, Bishop of Para, one of the most zealous members of the hierarchy in Brazil, is also numbered among the distinguished writers of that country. We present a page from one of his charming works:

"What noble being is that who, after having vivified with her own blood the new-born babe, nourishes, caresses, smiles upon it, teaches it to prattle, to walk, and to pray? It is a woman—a mother.

"What beautiful form is that—beautiful in mind and body, whose perfection reveals the power of the Almighty—that strong heart which so generously represses its natural impulses in order to attain perfection? It is a woman—a virgin.

"What blessed creature is that, the gentle companion of man in his sorrows and in his joys—who counsels him, encourages him, refines him, and loves him, who formed of love and devotedness, lives by loving? It is a woman—a wife.

"Who is that affectionate being that takes her stand by the pillow of old age, soothes its sorrows, alleviates its long hours of suffering, closes the eyes whose light has fled, the ears deaf for evermore, the lips that never again shall open? It is a woman—a daughter.

"Who is that heroine traversing the field of battle, like an angel of peace, in order to relieve the dying, heedless of the leaden hail or cannon's deep mouthed roar—that heroine who is present wherever disease holds sway, where infancy is to be instructed, where pain is to be assuaged, and tears to be dried? It is a woman—a Sister of Charity.

"What celestial form is that, so like a delicate perfumed flower, although endowed with a more than human power singing canticles of praise to God amid excruciating tortures, knowing that to die for Jesus is to live with Him eternally? It is a woman—a martyr.

"Who is that privileged being whom alone God has deigned to preserve from the stain of original sin; that being whom Jesus Christ in becoming man chose for His Mother—above whom is God only, below whom is all that is not God? Hail Mary, full of grace; blessed art thou amongst women."—*Our Sunday Visitor*.

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If there is one thing upon earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is the devil.—*Garfield*.

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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On January 4 Mr. Wilson called upon our Holy Father, the Pope. The President drove from the residence of the American Ambassador to the Vatican. Here he was received with military honors by the Swiss Guard, then met by the pontifical court, and finally led to the throne room, where the Pope welcomed him most cordially. They spent half an hour together. It is not, of course, officially known what were the subjects they discussed.

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There is quite a bit of excitement in both France and Alsace in regard to religious liberty in Alsace under the new conditions. Under German rule the Catholics of Alsace enjoyed the right to practise their religion and to maintain their own schools. The French on their entry into the territory gave the people solemn assurances that their liberties would not suffer. Everybody admits that the loyalty of the province to France is due in great part to the Catholic clergy. Yet, even now, the French paper *La Croix* writes that the authorities are contemplating the expulsion of religious orders—of men who have conducted themselves so heroically during the war.

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In Germany, the Socialist party, temporarily in the ascendant, is already contemplating measures to crush religion. They seek to confiscate all church property and to restrict the liberties of parochial schools. On January 2, 60,000 members of the new Center party protested by a big demonstration, and Card. von Hartmann, Archb. of Cologne, addressed a virile protest to the Government in Berlin. The Center party and all Catholic organizations are gathering to prevent the success of the irreligious movements.

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The Belgian Consul General for Canada has denied the report that Cardinal Mercier would visit Canada and the United States. He has been officially notified, he says, that Cardinal Mercier has no intention of leaving Belgium.

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The murder of Sidonio Paes, late President of the Portuguese Republic, has actually been traced to the enemies of the Catholic Church. The deed was inspired, not so much by personal hatred as by a determination that the Catholic Church should not again come to its own in Portugal. The infamous Senor Magalhaes Lima, head of a secret society, has been arrested and, it is said, many other lodgemen are implicated in the plot.

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John Ayscough, whose novels "*Monksbridge*", "*Gracechuch*", etc., have had wide reading in this country, will come to the United States in March on a lecture tour. John Ayscough is the pen-name of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew.



The New York *Times* correspondent at the Hague reports that he has learned "from a source closely connected with the Vatican", that the Roman Question will be discussed at the Peace Conference, with the object of finding a basis for an understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Similar reports have come repeatedly from Rome of late. The solution which is considered satisfactory seems to be: to give the Holy Father a strip of land connecting the Vatican with the sea, so that there may be free access to the outer world without crossing Italian territory. We do not know how much stock to put in such reports. The Holy Father is the only one to say what settlement would be satisfactory.

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Dr. Mary Malloy, Dean of the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn., has received the Cross *pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, from the Holy Father, in recognition of her praiseworthy work for Catholic Education. Under the guidance of Dr. Malloy and the splendid band of Sisters from Rochester, Minn., St. Teresa's College has become one of the most flourishing institutions in the Northwest. Besides offering an efficient college course, it gives its attention to improvements in parochial schools, is the seat of an annual summer school and teachers' institute, and at present, is considering plans for Catholic free high-schools in the Northwest.

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Two Mexican Bishops, says the Denver Catholic *Register*, have died recently, Msgr. Pagaza of Vera Cruz, and Msgr. Dominguez of Tepic. At the time of his death, the latter was—a street-sweeper. That such a thing should have been possible seems incredible to a Catholic "up North", but the report of the bishop's humiliation is well authenticated. To take a bishop in his seventieth year and degrade him and his office to such an extent is—well, worthy of Carranza, the Hell Dog.

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The *Columbiad*, the official paper of the Knights of Columbus, publishes the slogan for 1919: "One million members for 1919". The knights number at present 428,000. "One million Catholic men pledged to live, to think, to work for God, for Church, and for country." The knights have made a brilliant showing during the late crisis; they have won well-deserved laurels; a million members are not too many, if they make half an effort to live up to their pledge to "live, think and work for God, Church and country".

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It will be remembered that the disastrous defeats which the Italian army suffered during the late war were charged to the peace propaganda of the Pope and the Catholic clergy. The calumny was spread and taken up even by the papers in this country. Now the real criminals come to light. Deputy Marquis Centurione publicly charged the Socialists with the responsibility for the disasters. The Marquis had disguised himself as a workingman and thus gathered material to substantiate his charges.

An attempt was made to do away with all parochial schools in Michigan by a petition to bring to a vote next April the proposed constitutional amendment eliminating all parochial and private schools in the state. But, according to the statement made by Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, the petition was declared invalid by the Attorney General.

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The December number of the Chicago "*Hotel World*" carried an article by S. Kruse, Manager of the hotel Radison of Minneapolis, which contained slurring allusions to the Pope and Catholics generally. Anthony Matre, the active secretary of the Catholic Federation, took up the matter in a public letter to several papers. As a result came an apology from Mr. Kruse. After protesting his esteem for Catholics and the Church, he says, that the objectionable matter was dictated by a young man to whom letters of inquiry were generally submitted in his office. Two lessons: 1) Let our separated brethren be more conscientious when writing about the Church; 2) a timely word will do much good.

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The Catholic Church in Germany and the public cause of the people of that country suffered a serious loss in the death of Count von Hertling. He was a scholar of more than ordinary merit; his books are numerous and their value universally recognized. He was always, in public as in private life, a convinced, staunch, practical catholic. The Paris paper "*Gaulois*" says of him: he never said or did an uncivil thing in his life.

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Catholicity in England is also in mourning: on December 6 Cecil Chesterton died from the effects of an illness contracted in the trenches. He was a convert, and as editor of the *New Witness*, he did invaluable service for the Church by his writings.

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During the war many stories telling of the attachment of the troops to the Catholic Chaplains came from cantonments and battlefields. Charles Wheeler of the Chicago *Tribune* tells an amusing fact. It appears that the Episcopalian Chaplain General, Bishop Brent, desired to apportion chaplains according to the numerical strength of religious affiliations in the regiments. When the census was taken, one regiment, fearing to lose their beloved Catholic chaplain, signed as one hundred per cent Catholic. Upon investigation, it was found that, rather than lose their chaplain, the men, though non-Catholic, signed as Catholic "for the duration of the war".

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American soldiers to the number of 2,000 attended Christmas Masses in the Cathedral of Coblenz on the Rhine. The High Mass was celebrated by Chaplain Dunnigan, formerly pastor of Lapeer, Michigan.

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The Chamber of Deputies in Columbia, South America, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of arrival of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in that country, gave the Brothers a public vote of thanks.

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*Do Promoters gain indulgences marked on the leaflet for certain days even though they are not aware of them?*

Yes. It is not necessary to be aware of the fact that we are gaining a certain indulgence. All that is necessary on our part is to perform the work which is prescribed, and intend to gain all that can be gained by those works.

*Is Anti-christ to be born of human parents, or is he to be a devil from hell in a human body? Will he have any characteristics to distinguish him from other men?*

From the words of Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers we are led to believe that anti-christ will be a physical person, not a moral person; that he will be born of human parents; that he will possess great talents and persuasiveness, obtain a great influence in the world, and attract attention by his magical arts.

*In connection with the death of Colonel Roosevelt, the New York Times made mention of his contemplated audience with the Pope. Will you please tell me why the Pope would not see him?*

The affair happened in April, 1910. The reason may best be put in the words of Card. Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State at the time: "This is the present situation: The Methodists here in Rome strive by every means to conduct a campaign of venomous hostility against the Holy Father by lies and slanders. Here at his very door, in his own episcopal city, they harbor alien priests. Moreover they openly sympathize with and aid his enemies. They also advocate and strive to put into effect the principle enunciated by Bovio, an apostate priest, when he said: 'We have stripped the Pope of his temporal power, and we will never rest till we strip him of his spiritual power as well!'"

That this was not at all false, you may glean even from a random quotation from an utterance by the Rev. Mr. Tipple, head of the Methodist Mission at Rome:

"Mr. Roosevelt has struck a blow for twentieth century Christianity.

The representatives of two great republics have been the ones to put the Vatican where it belongs. The Vatican is incompatible with republican principles. This is a bitter dose for patriotic Catholics in America to swallow. I wonder how many doses of this sort they will take before they revolt . . ." and so on. Besides, the Methodists is Rome openly befriended the Asino, a paper whose only reason for existence was to calumniate the Pope and the Church.

Did not the Pope have abundant reason to advise Roosevelt that if he wished to visit these people he must abandon his visit to the Vatican? Would the President of our country accord the privilege of a friendly visit to one who would associate with people who insulted and slandered him in his own capital city? Now Mr. Roosevelt refused to give any assurance that he would not visit the Methodist Mission and one of his secretaries even said that he would most likely go to see them.

*Will the Poor Souls be infallibly helped by the prayers I recite and the good works I perform for them?*

It is an infallible doctrine of the Church that the Poor Souls are helped by the prayers and good works of the faithful, especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But it is not certain that all the merit will be applied to the soul or souls we may have designated. God accepts and dispenses indulgences according to His own good pleasure. This is confirmed by the practice of the faithful who apply many plenary indulgences to the relief of the same soul.

*How can the deaf gain indulgences attached to vocal prayers, if they have not learned to speak?*

If the prayers are said in public the deaf present need only raise their minds prayerfully to God. If the deaf themselves wish to say the prayers privately, they can gain the indulgences if they but mentally recall the prayers or read them without any vocal pronunciation. They may also express the prayers in signs.

## Some Good Books

*The Parables of Jesus*, by Philip Coghlan, C. P. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.00. Post paid \$1.10. The external form impresses us as hardy and attractive. There are 13 pages of Preface and 218 pages devoted to a lengthy Introduction and the explanation of the 33 Parables selected by the author.

The purpose of the booklet is thus pointed out in the Preface: "In this little work I have endeavored in simple language to bring home to the reader the lessons which the Parables teach, lessons as necessary today as they were nearly 1900 years ago, while attempting, within of course obvious limits, to treat the subject scientifically.

The Introduction touches on several points of interest, such as the essential distinction between Parable and Allegory together with the influence of such distinction on the method of interpretation; the meaning of the term "kingdom"—the reason of the obscurity of the Parables—the question of the Parousia.

The Explanation of the Parables is solid, practical; a good deal of available material is compressed into a very modest space. It appears commendable to the general reader as well as to the busy priest.

*Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats for the Use of Souls Consecrated to God*. From the French of Rev. P. Dunoyer. Translated by Edith Staniforth. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1918. Price \$2.25, postpaid \$2.35.

This is a really valuable book for Religious and all people who wish to lead a spiritual life. The reason is because it is not simply a book of meditations which you may use on retreat days, but because it explains so to speak the whole mechanism of a retreat; it is not merely material for a retreat, but it gives the most helpful and illuminating directions for making a retreat. I have no doubt that anyone who uses this book for the monthly or yearly retreats will derive from it more satisfaction and utility than from any other book in English known to me.

The author says very truly: "The

difficulties experienced in the monthly retreat are only too real indeed for many religious (and the more so for people in the world who wish to lead a spiritual life). What object should be aimed at? What method adopted? What spiritual reading, what meditations chosen? These are among the many perplexities which discourage souls and paralyze their best endeavors."

The translation is so well done that one would hardly recognize that it is not an original English work.

*Ireland*. By Katherine Huges. Donnelly Press, New York. 25c.

Few who write on so touching a subject as oppressed Ireland can keep their feelings in check and have often rather hurt than advanced their cause by an overflow of sentiment. There is sufficient interest in Ireland to arouse the better feelings of any righteous person by a plain statement of Ireland's actual condition. Miss Huges' booklet is a clear, comprehensive statement of Ireland's present political, social, and economic condition. Friends of Ireland will welcome its publication.

A few small pamphlets have been lying on the office desk for notice for some time. Out of these we select Henry Somerville's well and strongly written "*Higher Education and Catholic Leadership in Canada*". What is said of Canada, holds in most instances with emphasis for our own country. (The Catholic Truth Society of Canada.) Anna M. Otterbein, has translated a short story with an elevating moral: "*A Victim of His Duty*," or "*A hero of the confessional*." Probably it was the original that failed in precision of presentation and it would have been well had the translator amended it. (Mission Press, Techmy, Illinois.) "*The Missionary spirit in our Parochial Schools*," the paper read by Father Bruno Hagspiel, of the Society of the Divine Word, at the annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association in San Francisco. Its purpose is to increase an interest in Catholics from childhood for the foreign Missions, and by arousing a love for this work of Christ to thereby foster vocations.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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The colored elevator girl gazed curiously at the service pin on the waist of her passenger.

"Is yo' husband in France, lady?" she finally inquired.

Passenger (blushing furiously): No. This is for my sweetheart over there. "Tee-hee! O Lawdy! If I wore a star fo' every beau I had in France I'd look like de Star-Spangled Bannner."

A downtown merchant, while engaged in the office the other morning, discovered that he had left his pocket-knife at home and, as he needed one urgently, he asked the different clerks, but none of them happened to have one. Finally the errand boy hustled in and the merchant called him, asking if he was able to produce the desired article. Jimmy handed over his "pig-sticker."

"How is it, Jimmy, that you alone out of my entire staff seem to have a pocketknife with you?" smiled the proprietor, eying Jimmy with undisguised admiration.

"Dunno, sir," replied the youth, "unless it's because my wages are so low that I can't afford more'n one pair of pants."

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on!" cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. But it was only a small boy struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—How is your little girl?

Caller—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl.

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—How is your little boy?

Caller—My dear, I haven't any little boy.

Small Girl—Then what are yours?

"Don't you want to lend a hand to our soldier boys on the other side?" asked the orator at the woman's meeting.

"Lend a hand?" piped out one of the sweet young things. "Why, I gave my hand to one before he went over!"

A person who was speaking on the law of compensation, said:

"When a person is blind, his hearing is more acute."

"I see," said a listener. "I've often noticed that if a man had a short leg the other was longer."

He—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that."

She—"Then you come in and rule the world a while. I'm tired."

An automobile was going up the mountain. A man, driving a team of mules, was coming down.

There was not enough room to pass, and, of course, the mortorist felt that it was up to him to back down and give the mules right of way. But there was an obstacle. In the back seat of the automobile sat a woman, the wife of the driver.

"You'll not back down," she said.

"But, my dear, the man can't back his mules up the mountain," the driver insisted.

"I don't care. We'll not back down."

There was a pause, then the man with the mules, sighed, shook hands with the motorist and, looking toward the woman, said:

"That's all right, old man, I'll back the mules up the mountain. I've got one just like that at home."

As the troop train halted, a big husky negro poked his head out of the window and asked: "Say, boss, what town you all call dis?"

"Plainfield."

"And, boss, what State am dis?"

"New Jersey—Plainfield, N. J."

"Well, Well! Ah dun been travelin' en dis yere train fo' foah days an' foah nights. Where de debbil am dis yere France, anyway?"

Canvasser—What party, Mrs. Casey, does you husband belong to?

Mrs. Casey—I'm the party. What about it?

Short-sighted Officer—It's all right my man; you can take off your mask now, the gas has passed.

Private—Beggin' yer pardon, sir; I ain't got a mask on.







## Redemptorist Burses

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### THE WISH OF A MISSIONARY.

"May the souls that our benefactors help to save be as so many shining pearls which adorn their everlasting crown in Heaven. May these souls also repay them a hundred fold in this world by granting them success and prosperity in all their undertakings."

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Burse of St. Anthony.....	\$3,250.00
Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)...	2,495.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.).....	673.33
Burse of St. Joseph.....	480.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Alphonsus Parish, Grand Rapids, Mich.) .....	770.00
Burse of St. Francis of Assisi.....	1,000.00
Burse of O. Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.) .....	92.00
Burse of St. Gerard Majella (St. Michael's Parish, Chicago, Ill.)....	1,376.00
Burse of the Little Flower.....	383.00
Burse of Our Lady, Queen of Peace.....	724.00